

Wild Woman

IN THE BEDROOM

*Break free of insecurities
& experience all the
pleasure you deserve*

Layla Martin



Wild Woman in the Bedroom

<u>Introduction</u>	<u>3</u>
<u>1. Creating Self-Love</u>	<u>17</u>
<u>2. Overcoming Trauma</u>	<u>33</u>
<u>3. Freeing Emotions</u>	<u>49</u>
<u>4. Becoming an Orgasmic Superstar</u>	<u>69</u>
<u>Conclusion</u>	<u>84</u>

Introduction

You may never ever ask me point blank, but I bet you wonder: What do you do in the bedroom as a sexuality expert and lifelong explorer of the erotic arts?

Do you have wild orgies during lunch breaks with people of all genders and ages dressed up as different animals?

Do you have six perfect lovers who fly you all around the world for high class booty calls?

Or, has it been months since your boyfriend's gotten any action from you and this is one of those hypocritical "do as I say not as I do" situations?

Well, none of the above is how I roll, at least not yet.

However, I am going to take you by the hand and bring you into my bedroom to share with you the precious lessons I have learned about becoming a Wild Woman in the bedroom. I want to share with you the details of

how I went from being absolutely shut down during sex and ashamed of my body to being able to create the most sublime, primal and delicious sexual encounters, pretty much whenever I want!

In short, this is how I went from being insecure and hung up, to being a Wild Woman in the bedroom.

Taking Stock of Your Life

Wherever you are at right now with your own sexuality, I'm taking you with me on this journey to awaken the Wild Woman inside of you. I'm going to share simple techniques that you can use every day to unleash her. Every woman has her own unique version of the Wild Woman aching to wake up! I promise you are not the lone exception.

I know you might be thinking: "Oh, that's not me. I'm too old/fat/spiritual/busy for this. And my orgasms are just fine, thank you very much. I've got other things to worry about..."

I have worked with thousands of women and I can say without a doubt that you, whether you are old or young, fat or thin, spiritual or atheist, busy or bored have an electric, radiant beauty within you. This is a beauty that cannot be killed with time, abuse, or heartbreak. She can

only be hidden away.

That hiding creates a hardness within a woman. A sadness. A negativity. And all of that shows up as resistance when you are faced with the choice to stay shutdown or to choose to bloom in the truth of who you are.

The great thing is, the more resistant you feel, the wilder the woman inside of you. I speak from experience.

I want you to close your eyes for a second, right after you read the next three paragraphs. If you are truly interested in this book making a difference in your life, then this exercise is very important.

Stop and imagine that you are totally confident and in love with every inch of your body (I know this might be tough for some of you!). Imagine that you feel naturally sexy in your skin and that your days are more easily filled with pleasure and fun than pain.

Imagine what that would do for your life and how it might affect your relationships, career, family, financial situation and happiness. Imagine yourself five years from now, if you take the time to address this and set yourself on the path of an awakened woman. How does that feel inside of you?

Now I want you to imagine all of the time and energy you waste on feeling less-than or doubting yourself. Imagine how much you spend on feeling sexually frustrated or insecure. Would you prefer all of that time and energy going to a better cause?

I want to help you get there– to stop spending precious life energy on rejecting who you are, and start spending it on something awesome that you love instead.

It is possible. And I can assure you that the fastest route for this transformation is through your sexuality.

You can do this work whether you are in a relationship or single, because your sexuality is about you, first and foremost.

I know firsthand that life is way too short not to be able to truly let go and enjoy sex.

Those experiences of true sexual abandon make life worth living– and you deserve them.

Experiences of sexual ecstasy and everyday pleasure make it worth getting up in the morning and really taking the time to live your day right.

So I'm going to lay it all on the table and show you how to move through your sexual blockages and insecurities.

Whether it's shame, sexual trauma or a sexual habit pattern you are dealing with, I know, with absolute certainty that under that you are a ravingly beautiful sex goddess.

This is simply a matter of looking at what's been holding you back and starting to tear those blockages down.

Are you ready to say yes to Supreme Bliss?

Are you ready to say yes to True Sexual Surrender?

Are you ready to say yes to getting Wild in Bed?

Are you ready to say yes to All Parts of Yourself?

Whether you have leapt up, tearing at your panties screaming, "Yes, Layla, Yes!" and you are so ready to go...

...Or you feel like hiding under the bed and trembling in fear

...Or you kind of want to put this book away and never look at it again

...Or you feel like this will never, ever work for you...

Yet, you know deep in your heart, no matter how soft and hard to hear, that it is time to come home to your sexuality and beauty as a woman: then this book is for you.

Who is a Wild Woman?

First off, let's get something very clear. By "Wild Woman" I do not mean "You must get out the whips and chains during every sexual encounter and freak out the neighbors with your orgasmic screaming." Not unless you want to.

By Wild Woman, I mean, simply put, a free woman. That means you are free, moment to moment, to do what feels most true to you in the bedroom. That means being in touch with all aspects of your sexuality and not holding yourself back in order to be acceptable to your lover. So many of us worry about "taking too long" about "being in our heads" about "not orgasming or experiencing pleasure at all." At other times we worry about "being too much" or "coming on too strong" or being perceived as not sexual enough or at other times, way too sexual.

The gift of the Wild Woman is she has the power to ask for enough time to deeply relax. She knows that she has

a tremendous wellspring of pleasure within, but her body is not some machine, functioning always on time with the right buttons, and she doesn't force herself into that illusion.

A Wild Woman is in tune with herself, and takes pleasure in her uniqueness. Her body is a temple housing many, many different emotions and experiences, and she values all of them enough to express beyond her fears of what those around her might think.

As a Wild Woman, you find the beauty in the authenticity of your body, rather than the pretense of your mind, and in such revelry, you find a freedom to be what you are in your expressions of passion.

You are free to be sweet as cupcakes with cherry sprinkles, or vicious and terrifying. You are free to surrender fully or take total control. You are free to make love funky and filthy or sacredly sublime. You are free to express the magnitude of your emotional reality without holding back. You are free to feel the awesomeness of your orgasmic pleasure with no holds barred. A Wild Woman can be really loud, or deeply silent.

A Wild Woman in the bedroom isn't limited by one form of sexual expression— she is free to do as she chooses,

simply because she desires it.

If that sounds like a tall order, that's because it is. It's a few thousand years of our mother's mother's mother's mother's holding themselves back in fear and silence. That's a lot of fear and silence to get through, so if you feel nervous, that makes sense.

This process of feminine freedom doesn't happen overnight. It is a lifetime's practice and an art. However, we have the blessing of living in an era where our free expression of passion and feminine truth has the space and the safety to finally flourish. It is no longer the Dark Ages in many of the economically advanced societies of the world— and your freedom is now yours for the taking. Hallelujah!

I know that at times this process of unleashing can be really fun, and at other times, it's like dragging your whole self through a nasty swamp. You can use both the fun and the swamp to your advantages— they are both important states for you. I can also promise that it is worth it. Every single step.

This kind of freedom translates to your whole life. When you learn to let go like this in the bedroom, you get more confident to ask for a raise, to flirt with the cute guy, or to

dance wildly at the next party. Your life is less of a struggle to win the approval of others, and more of a celebration of who you truly are.

A free woman in the bedroom is free in life.

The cornerstone of that freedom is love. Revolutionary, total self-love.

Before we get into some theory and exercises about the first step of creating that kind of solid love foundation in your life, I want to share with you one of my personal stories about struggling with self-acceptance...

My Love Story #1

I wish I had some instant self-love breakthrough for you, but the truth is that it happened gradually. I hated pretty much everything about myself: my skin was gross, my hair was too thin, my belly too fat, and I had that whole sexual abuse history so I felt tainted and disgusting to boot.

I felt like I was dragging around a giant boulder, iron-chained around my neck everywhere that I went. Every time someone tried to love me, it was right there, reminding me how truly awful I actually was. When a

boyfriend said he found me attractive, I just knew he was lying to make me feel better and secretly wished I was a supermodel. It wasn't unusual for me to burst into tears upon seeing a picture of myself. How come everyone else got to look so stunning and I looked like total shit?

During a trip to the beach, I fell pretty hard in love with a sexy London man with Italian roots. This happened during a period where I was trying out eyelash extensions for the first time. When they came off six weeks later, I collapsed on the floor of my friend's bedroom in a pathetic heap, absolutely convinced that he would never love my unaltered face.

I started gluing on eyelash singles. Obsessively. The Brit and I were madly in love, traveling the world to exotic tropical islands, with a dream life on the outside. I was constantly in a panic while we were having passionate sex that my eye situation had morphed into something horrific.

Now, I love dressing up and playing with makeup. But I knew that if I'd gotten to the point where I had to stick toxic shit in my eye to feel even remotely okay

about myself, something had to change.

After I'd decided I would never love another man the way I loved him, he left me. He went back to his ex-wife, whom he loathed, because, among other things, my "legs were too short and hers were longer."

I was devastated. My big lesson, besides "stop dating assholes" was that love affairs are precious and most of them end anyway, and the only thing I was left with at the end of the day was my own level of self-acceptance and love. Being trapped in a constant storm of self-rejection was a barrier to the true level of intimacy I was craving. I would never feel fulfilled in any relationship until I loved myself.

It's cliché, but you know it's fucking true.

So I went on a rampage. I loved the shit out of myself—morning and night.

Sometimes it felt like my self-love drew out the demons even more, their raspy voices getting louder and louder: "You'll never be good enough for anyone to really love you..." "Give up, you're just not one of those gorgeous women, so you'll never be happy..."

“You know, your legs are awfully short when compared to your waist...”

I just marched right through them. I was determined never to feel the desperation of needing a fake eyelash or the devastation of feeling abandoned because I felt worthless again. I just kept right on loving and loving and loving.

Sometimes it was specific like loving my uterus, sometimes it was more general like loving the whole of my humanity.

The important thing was that I stuck with it. Love is a skill. When you're out of the habit of loving yourself, it's like trying to use a weak-ass underdeveloped muscle. It's like it almost isn't there, and you feel pathetic even trying.

But if you keep at it, suddenly there is some strength there. Suddenly you can love yourself. Then you have to break the bad habit of not loving yourself. Again, it's every day.

For me, the days ticked by. Sometimes it felt like I was getting absolutely nowhere and I'd die having sorely under-appreciated myself.

Then, one day, I looked back and that boulder had become a stone. It was in shock.

I felt... freer than I'd ever known.

I found myself defaulting to self-love rather than loathing.

I'm still working on getting the iron chain off my neck. It's not an absolute love affair with myself, yet. But when I caught myself making love with no makeup and feeling glorious, when I saw my deepening wrinkles in the mirror and the first thought that popped up was "cute" and some guy called it quits on me suddenly and a powerful surge of happiness flooded through me with a voice that said, "Your loss. I'm awesome." – I knew I was arriving.



Creating Self-Love

Making Self-Love a Reality

The singular key to unlocking the Wild Woman in bed, and life, is love. Specifically self-love. Self-love sets you free.

It's true that with some pretty massive, relentless self-love, you stop rejecting so many parts of yourself. When you love something really deeply, there is a willingness to accept its entirety. Rather than focusing on trying to change yourself constantly, focusing on allowing yourself gives you power. If someone doesn't like you, or a man rejects you, it might still hurt, but you don't have to question everything that you are. Rejection becomes less about how worthy you are of someone else's approval, and more about how people have different tastes, lenses and blockages to love. The more you love yourself, the more clarity there is about that.

Self-love got caught up somehow as the poster-child

of soft-spoken self-help books and workshops, maybe wearing something pink and floral. I think that is a shame, because to me, self-love can rock a pair of stilettos or barefeet or orthopedic shoes because self-love does whatever the hell it likes.

True, deep self-love is powerful and revolutionary because you become less beholden to what everyone else thinks of you, and you begin to exist by your own rules and standards of what feels good to you and what is important to you.

It doesn't just make you soft and weepy: it sets you free.

The choice to love yourself right now, no matter what, is the choice of a Wild Woman. That doesn't mean you'll love yourself once you've lost ten pounds, gotten a boyfriend, a face-lift or started going to yoga again. It means love right now.

Relentless self-love is the only thing that sets you free. You might not think that you deserve to love your cellulite, your eye wrinkles or whatever else you are sure is wrong with you. But there is a part of you who knows that they are worthy of love. She has the wisdom to say, "If not you, then who is going to love that?"

That voice is the Wild Woman inside of you. She knows

that it doesn't matter how much you weigh, how old you are or what you've been through. The only real choice you have ever had, in this moment, is whether you are going to choose to love yourself exactly as you are, or stick in a mindset of rejection and self-judgement.

You can spend time arguing in your head why this part of you and that flaw doesn't deserve love, or you can use that energy to love yourself instead. Especially the parts of you that you might feel are completely undeserving of love.

The Confidence and Freedom of Self-Love

When you choose that kind of love, you have to choose it over and over again. You'll easily slide back into self-rejection. So think of self-love like a muscle. Right now it's weak and it feels like a struggle, but if you use it every day, then you'll wake up with a massive muscle that can really move love around.

If you keep making that choice to love the unlovable inside of you, it's going to bring you the confidence and freedom that is the hallmark of a Wild Woman. You make decisions more on what feels good, and aren't afraid to take risks. That is hot.

Truly loving people have an authenticity and a spark to them that is undeniable. They are pulsing with life. That radiance is the reward you get for loving parts of yourself that society says you ought to reject— things like your body

and your face and your flaws.

Love doesn't stop all fear, but it is the delicious ride through fear that keeps you moving instead of getting stuck.

Getting Concrete About Self-Love

But let's be honest, most discussions about self-love can be a little vague.

Let's get concrete. I'm going to show you how to make that kind of love tangible and testable in your life, so you can measure if you've got it and how to get more.

What does it mean to totally love yourself as a woman? It means loving your clitoris, your cervix, your anus, your pubic hair, your ovaries and your fallopian tubes. It means loving your pussy juices, your menstrual blood and the way that you smell. It means loving your breasts, your belly, your ass and your face. It means loving your beauty, your bitchiness, your weaknesses and your power.

It means everything. From the abstract parts "my soul" to the concrete "that stupid acne scar." From the socially unacceptable "that slutty part of me that likes it raw" to the completely acceptable "the part of me that wants

to spend the afternoon making cookies and watching YouTube.”

You might ask, “Layla, how do I know if I love, for example, my pussy?” It’s the same as how you know if you love another human being. I want you to take a second with me and make this real: Picture right now the person that you love most in the whole world. How do you know that you love them? A smile probably came to your face and maybe you got a warm fuzzy feeling inside. Perhaps you felt like seeing them or giving them a hug. Maybe you had a flood of well-wishes for them. There are a bunch of sensorial markers you can use to tell whether you love someone or not.

Now picture someone that makes you uncomfortable that you’d rather not be around. How does that make you feel?

Now picture your pussy in full, vivid detail. How does that make you feel?

That will give you a pretty good idea of whether you love your pussy or not. You can do this with all parts of yourself, from your cervix and breasts to the part of you that is creative or aggressive. Check how you feel about your menstrual blood, breasts, belly and vulva.

Now, some women love these parts of themselves totally,

but it is a rare woman who feels this way. Most women feel some mix of disgust, dread, fear, anxiety or the common “nothing.” In many ways, feeling something in a relationship, no matter what it is, is better than the dreaded “nothing.” That’s when you know the relationship is dead.

All relationships can be repaired. Especially with your pussy, because your pussy is not a terribly disagreeable coworker with a horrendous personality. She is your personal source of pleasure and beauty. Your relationship to your pussy is going to determine how you feel about yourself as a woman. Having a happy pussy translates to being happy in life. I’ve tested this many times, and found it to be deeply true.

If there was one, single instruction for the Wild Woman, it would be: Love your pussy in her entirety. Love her fiercely and sweetly as a temple of wisdom and beauty.

Some women get upset by the idea that your pussy is the key to your happiness. This can be misunderstood to mean that you always need to be getting laid to be happy. That’s not true. Your pussy is yours. The best news is that you always have access to her. She’s not abstract, or genetic or “out there” somewhere. She isn’t something that you have to earn or be good enough for. She’s already right there

are empowered to choose how you want this relationship to be.

A lot of women give up around this point. They are comfortable to a certain degree with feeling their pain and struggles and it's comfortable to stay there and assume that they will never get to a place of real and lasting self-love.

Self-Love is a Skill

I've found that love isn't something that you have or you don't. It's a skill. It can be learned. Some women got taught the skill of loving themselves by their mothers, and so that love feels effortless. Most of us got skilled in the art of criticism and judgement, which are like the anti-skills to self-love. It's like being good at drinking alcohol and trying to be an Olympic athlete: one skill seriously impairs the other. I spent a lot of time in horrific self-criticism and judgement, and I can say that when you're stuck inside of it, it feels like a horrific maximum security prison from which you will never, ever escape. And those who try get shot.

I escaped from that prison, and my guards were especially fierce but I want to show you the way out. It's through the floor. If you dig just a little bit each day, it might feel like you're getting nowhere— just keep digging, until one day, you've got a big-ass tunnel. You keep digging, and then

suddenly you're sprinting out in the wide-open fields of freedom, naked, with sunshine on your skin.

Having help digging this tunnel is huge. If you're constantly around friends who hate themselves and their bodies, it's going to be really hard to get anywhere. Get a group of women together who are dedicated to loving themselves. Have fun together, and share your efforts towards self-love rather than commiserating on your self-rejection.

Self-Love Exercises

The practice I recommend for building self-love is 5 minutes at dawn and dusk. That means for 5 minutes when you wake up and 5 minutes when you go to bed, EVERY DAY, you shower yourself with love. The kind of love you'd shower on a beloved newborn baby girl. Seen how sweet humans get with babies? How they fawn over them and adore them? Get that way with yourself. Cuddle yourself, repeat things like "You are so beautiful" over and over again, give yourself little kisses and let them melt you.

It might feel stupid at first, but what's really stupid is wandering around trying to get other people to fill that love-hole for you. It is important to have loving people in your life, but if you rely on them completely, it becomes draining.

Healing this takes the same amount of love that you didn't

receive when you were little. The unconditional kind. You have to love yourself that much. You are the only one who can give it to yourself.

This doesn't have to be a ripped-off Hallmark moment that makes you feel lame— make it fresh and fun and alive. Don't be afraid to laugh at yourself in the process— laughter is great for relationships.

A Wild Woman rebuilds the bridges of love with each part of her body, relentlessly, as an awakened mother unconditionally loves her own child.

Exercise: Love at Dawn and Dusk

For 5 minutes right when you wake up, and right when you go to sleep, pour total love and affection onto yourself.

This can be:

Physical: hugging, stroking and/or massaging yourself lovingly

Emotional: feeling a huge surge of love well up inside of you and sending it all over your body

Mental: Speak to yourself, you can use affirmations: I love myself, I am totally worthy of love, I am crazy beautiful, etc...

Spiritual: Feel how loved and accepted you are by creation because you exist!

Note: Love at Dawn and Dusk can bring up some of the scary feelings of really not loving yourself, and sometimes you're going to feel like you're faking it. That's okay, do it

anyway, over and over again, and you'll become the total Goddess Jedi-Master of Self-Love. It takes persistence, practice and consistency.

If you are interested in more exercises to build this kind of total self-love, check out my online trainings here:

<https://laylamartin.com/tantric-institute/>

Overcoming Trauma



Overcoming the Horrors of Sexual Trauma

One of the greatest things we lack as women is compassion towards ourselves. That's because most of us have no idea how much trauma and shut-down we have inherited in our bodies. Rather than acknowledging the tremendous amounts of negativity the average woman has faced in her life towards her body, beauty and sexuality, we end up with a lingering feeling like there is something wrong— wrong with us, wrong with our bodies, wrong with our lives.

It's not always just extreme cases of abuse, either. The daily pile of standard cultural messages we receive is an insidious trauma that takes its toll slowly and often in overlooked ways. These sex-negative and female-negative messages show up in our bodies as chronic tension inside the vagina, chronic health problems of the uterus, ovaries and vulva and psychological issues such as eating

disorders, insecurity and neurosis.

I'm going to put it simply. If you had no trauma whatsoever, you would already be a Wild Woman. She is who you are naturally before any messages got in there about who or how you "should" be in alignment with someone else's agenda about a woman besides her true, natural freedom and sensuality.

We were all at one time wild little girls. The emotional freedom and beauty of little girls is astounding. The vibrancy and natural peace you had with your body is your birthright.

You probably didn't make it past your teenage years with that kind of energetic freedom intact. Why not?

You experienced emotional and sexual trauma, and because no one taught you how to release it, most of it has piled up inside of your body as emotional and sexual baggage. It is really hard to be free in bed if you are dragging around a bunch of sexual baggage. It's true, we live in a traumatizing world where women are most definitely not taught to love themselves or their sexuality. The level of tragedy is immense. It is criminal how much we have grown to accept this level of trauma against our female bodies.

Sexual trauma comes in many many forms. It can range from extreme experiences to very slow and grating messages that add up over time. Trauma can happen from having your mother scold you for expressing your natural sexuality. It can be being told in church that you are a devilish temptation and lust is a cardinal sin. Messages that women who dress a certain way or wear too much makeup are “whores.” Rape. Incest. Child abuse. Being told that sex is a “wife’s duty.” Losing your virginity to a man who enters you before your body is ready. Masturbation is abnormal. Menstruation is dirty. Women who are assaulted were “asking for it.” Having lovers who expect you to be like it is in “porn.” Being told that you don’t deserve to be loved unless you are skinny, sweet, perfect and young. All of this traumatizes the female body. Every day, whether we were aware of it or not, our precious connection to pleasure and wholeness got shut-down.

The Results of Sexual Trauma

Your vagina is like a sponge: soaking up each experience, good or bad. If you aren't fully able to take in the pleasurable experiences, and release the painful ones, your vagina gets backed up. She can't digest and release negative experiences, and they get stored in her tissues.

What does that end up looking like?

How can you tell if you are carrying sexual trauma?

- Being shut-down or “numbed-out” during sex
- Feeling internal pain, discomfort, “checking out”
- Not being able to relax and surrender
- Thinking too much during sex
- Carrying body shame and insecurity
- Feeling like sex is dirty
- Feeling something is “wrong with you” sexually

- Feeling relentless thoughts of not being attractive enough or good enough

Instead of walking around as victims, I encourage a celebration of the blessing that many of us (but certainly not all of us) live in countries where we are able to reclaim our freedom of pleasure and full expression. With the right tools, you have the power to transform this stuck trauma into power.

Trauma is a call to action. For the Wild Woman, that means a call to love herself so deeply and so powerfully and to have the utmost compassion for herself. That kind of self-care gently releases old, unprocessed wounds, and if you chose to undergo that kind of healing process, it gives the chance to emerge so much stronger in the practices of love and compassion than you might otherwise have been.

My hope is that future generations are offered a different path of initiation. Trauma is by no means necessary to create strong and powerfully loving women. Yet, for those of us who have been given no other choice, the blessings of sexual healing are the kinds of potent experiences that leave us transformed into powerfully loving and wise women.

My Love Story #2

I was sexually abused as a child, and although I would say that I enjoyed sex until I was twenty-one, I could barely connect with my partners and often used alcohol in order to numb myself to what was really going on inside. I finally entered therapy to deal with my history, and right around the same time this super intense burning started in my vagina.

I went to several medical doctors who all said the same thing: “It’s psychosomatic,” which I read as: “It’s all in your head and there’s nothing we can do.”

This wasn’t a kind of background burning– it hurt like hell, especially in the morning. And it went on, almost continuously for THREE YEARS.

During that time, I tried several treatments, none of which worked, including:

- Talking out the trauma for years with a therapist specializing in sexual trauma.
- Going to the most open-minded and holistic gynecologist I could find at the time in the San Francisco Bay area and she told me she saw tons of women with the same issue every week and she

recommended a special numbing cream for the vulva to numb the pain. I was horrified.

- Meditating for a total of 40 days in silence in an attempt to make peace with the pain that clearly wasn't going anywhere.
- Seeing a therapist who hypnotized me to find my supportive power animal, which turned out to be a grizzly bear. She had the grizzly bear apply a healing red salve to my vagina. It didn't do shit.
- Reading so many books about being a "survivor" and loving my inner child.

I remember waking up on a romantic holiday with my lover in Paris, crouching over the toilet in the tiny bathroom and weeping bitterly because I was in so much pain, again. I didn't want to have sex, it was so fucking uncomfortable, and my boyfriend, bless him, after three straight years was starting to lose patience.

Then I saw the movie "Bliss" about a Tantric sexual healer. I'd never thought of sex as a place to heal before. Sex was where I went for pleasure and connection and doctors and therapists were where I went to heal.

I also read Ken Wilbur's book "Grace and Grit," and he commented that healing needs to happen on the level that it occurs.

A light bulb went off: sexual trauma happened physically and emotionally. So I wasn't going to talk or meditate my way out of it.

All the time of trying to get my body to experience sexual pleasure during sexuality was just making it harder, because what my body clearly needed to do was release the pain I had experienced but never processed.

I was lucky to be living in Thailand at the time at a Tantra school, and so there were a number of people around who understood sexuality as a healing modality.

I approached my friend, Eyal, an intense, no-bullshit short and bald Israeli man with an enormous heart. I asked if he'd massage my vagina so I could let anything come up that needed some air.

He agreed.

Imagine the scene: in his wooden house, in the middle of a Thai jungle, on a large mattress on the floor, I'm

lying there and he promises to support me lovingly through any emotion or memory.

He massaged my vulva and vagina, just like an intense therapeutic back massage, and got all the way up to my cervix. A flood of horrific memories came back, and where I had once been forced to be silent, now I could scream.

And I did. I screamed bloody murder. I screamed primal rage. I screamed the pain of having precious pieces of my feminine soul stripped away from me by someone who was supposed to protect me.

Eyal sweated in the hot Thai jungle.

I writhed and screamed.

He didn't stop.

For two full hours.

I screamed the whole time.

Then it was over.

A calm descended.

The burning vanished after three whole years, never to return.

Let me finish this story by saying that you don't need to go so fully and intensely into your pain. I tend to roll pretty full on, and it took me time to learn that I could re-traumatize myself if I went too hard. In fact, I've realized that slow and steady release is healthier for you. And there are many options for healing. Vaginal massage from a partner or trained practitioner is one. And there are many exercises you can do yourself to gently release trauma and negativity from your genitals, a few of which I am going to share at the end of this chapter.

The Essential Steps of Self-Healing

However, no matter what technique you use, the process should always look the same, following these five simple steps:

1. Create a safe container for healing. That means that you are safe to be yourself and feel what is happening inside your body. If you have a partner or therapist, that means communicating your boundaries and getting clear on what you need in order to heal. If you are undertaking this process alone, make sure you have a best friend or therapist to call if you need some support during a difficult time.
2. Allow feelings and sensations to arise as much as you can without repressing or controlling them.
3. Feel and experience them completely and allow your body to express itself.
4. Afterwards, fill up your body with love and pleasure.
5. Practice rigorous, daily self-love and care.

The Pleasure/Pain Healing Rule

I also want to share my 2:1 pleasure/pain healing rule to support you during the healing process. When you go through a period of releasing sexual trauma, it can be easy to get overwhelmed and stuck in the pain.

To counter this, give yourself two pleasurable experiences for every painful healing experience you go through.

Pleasurable experiences can include:

- Eating strawberries dipped in organic chocolate
- Rubbing a soft faux-fur glove all over your skin
- Giving yourself a warm oil foot massage
- Taking a candlelit bath or shower
- Going out dancing with girlfriends
- Buying yourself something sparkly and awesome

I get a very common question: Does sexual healing ever

stop? I can't say it ever stops completely, but it absolutely gets much easier. The more trauma baggage you kick to the curb, the more freedom you have to feel wonderful. Being free doesn't mean you never feel pain, but free people make choices that are fulfilling and supportive, meaning you are going to feel vastly more wonderful in your life most of the time. The 2:1 pleasure/pain rule means that you make a pact with yourself that even if there is some pain in there to feel, you are committing to feeling twice as much pleasure, and that retrains your body to experience pleasure on a more regular basis.

Here are some gentle sexual healing practices that can be done alone or with a partner:

Exercise: Squeeze and Breathe

This is a good one for gently removing tension and toxic emotions from the sexual center.

1. Inhale completely and squeeze your pelvic floor at the same time, feeling your entire pelvic area fill with air.
2. Squeeze every part of your pelvis as tightly as possible (squeeze your uterus, your cervix, your vagina and your pelvic floor) and hold for a count of 10 seconds.
3. Release, and exhale completely, feeling any and all trapped or negative emotions release from your sexual area.
4. Repeat this 7 times, and then relax and send a lot of love into the whole area to replace the newly cleared space with positive feelings.

Exercise: Curious Playtime

Allows you to feel what is really going on in there. Release numbness, pain and past experiences from the sexual center. Also: discover a deeper, relaxed pleasure.

1. Set a timer for 20 minutes.
2. Have either you or your partner if you have one, explore your vulva and vagina, with massage, fingers or a dildo.
3. Make a commitment during this time not to push yourself towards orgasm or pleasure, simply feel whatever emotions or sensations arise for you.
4. After the timer goes up, relax and send a lot of love to the whole area.

If you are interested in more sexual healing practices that you can do daily with support, I share many of these practices in my online training program, “Orgasmic Bliss,” which you can check out here:

<https://laylamartin.com/tantric-institute/>

Freeing Emotions



Loving Your Emotional Drama

All women are emotional, but many women struggle to censor themselves in the hopes of being acceptable to their partners, bosses, family and friends. A Wild Woman is at home with all of her emotions the way a brilliant actress commands a stage with the range of her expressions.

An actress doesn't say, "No, I'm not going to get angry on stage– that would make me a bitch." Or: "I can't be jealous in this play– that's not spiritual." Or: "I don't want to come off as too powerful because then the audience won't like me." She plays her part.

Any theatre would be boring if the only emotions on stage were ones of happiness and joy– a bit of anger, jealousy and fear puts some flavor in the sauce. But it's not a matter of getting sucked into a never-ending toxic drama, because that's boring too. A true actress feels the depth

of her emotions, and she uses them appropriately in the moment to play on the stage of life.

A Wild Woman plays the same way. Emotions are used to express her true feelings moment to moment, but she doesn't get sucked into believing that those beautiful emotions aren't going to change the very next moment.

Rather than always questioning herself, a Wild Woman chooses to live, even if that means being courageous in feeling what she truly feels.

You know what the biggest Wild Woman buzzkill question is?

“Is he/she going to love me if....”

Filtering, limiting and editing ourselves to get love and approval is the toxic game we learned growing up. It truly is the death of your most beautiful personal expression.

Yet, you require immense compassion for treating yourself that way because it was the way that you were taught by your society to treat yourself.

Labeling some parts of yourself “acceptable and lovable” and trying to repress all the other parts is toxic to your system.

You were born with a bitchy side. You were born with

limitless power. You were born with so much love inside of you. You were born with a hateful side and a gloriously awesome side. Some of you is super boring, and some of you is miraculously fascinating.

We were made perfect and whole. To deny parts of your authentic self as a woman is a form of suicide. If you know, somewhere deep down inside, that not all of you is invited to the table of your life, then you don't really trust yourself. And if you don't really trust yourself, how can you feel truly confident?

You know how life feels when you lack confidence? It's insecurity hell. I don't want to live there, you don't want to live there. If we can agree on that, then let's get out together.

Breaking Free of Emotional Repression

You can EVOLVE. Learning to express all parts of yourself with greater authenticity and grace is awesome. (While still embracing the inauthentic and clumsy aspects of who you are.) However, polishing and learning to use all parts of yourself to serve your greatest desires in life is different from repressing.

You were given a fantastic alchemy of personality traits, and it's all in how you use them.

You can use your bitchy side to yell at children and talk down your ex's new girlfriend in a nasty way. Or you can love that bitch in you into being your best friend and powerfully standing up as your protector. She knows how to tell that guy trying to take advantage of you to keep his hands off of you. Your bitch knows how to demand her worth in being paid for her work, and how to scare the shit out of a potential attacker. She is a fantastic asset

when you love and accept her.

See how it works? You got given a bitchy, aggressive and shadow side, just as you were given a sweet, agreeable and charming side. You can use them in your favor to thrive in life. You can use them to get what you want and inspire others in the process.

Letting go of Repression

If you deny your wholeness, you not only struggle to keep down important parts of yourself, but the repressed sides start to fester inside of you. These blocked pieces come out one way or another, but if they've been denied, they express themselves in horrific ways, reigning terror on your life.

Instead of standing up to your boss and demanding respect, you might find yourself engaged in nasty gossip about a coworker and yelling at your cat. Instead of loving everyone in your life as much as comes naturally to you, you might find yourself obsessing over your children and alienating them as a result.

Repression is unhealthy. If you repress your power, you're going to become powerfully spiteful towards women owning their power.

If you repress your true beauty, you'll feel obsessed with

being desired by others and try external beauty treatments to try and cover up what you've denied inside.

If you repress the gift of your meanness, designed to protect you and your loved ones, she'll just turn inwards and make your thoughts of yourself an unbearably nasty flavor.

Does that mean that everyone will love and accept you if you own your power, beauty and bitchiness? No. But you decide to suffocate yourself internally, and suffer the consequences of an unlived life.

Choosing life takes courage. However, once you make that choice, other courageous, alive people will find you and love you. People want to stare into the mirrors that reflect the vision of themselves that they are ready to see. Life is beautiful like that. You might lose some people in the process, but you'll gain some truly wonderful ones as well.

Toxic vs Purified Emotions

Now, there is a catch here. If you have a lot of unprocessed emotions from your past that you haven't dealt with, then when you start to express yourself, it might look toxic.

Emotions that stem from the present moment feel fresh and alive. Emotions that are basically repressed issues from your past feel awful.

Being able to express all sides of yourself really only works when you've done a fair amount of emotional purification from the past. (You don't have to be perfectly purified to allow yourself to live, that might be a while...)

If you've got some seriously unresolved anger towards your parents or some crazy bitchiness sitting on top of a lot of pain, then you have some work to do. Private coaching with an excellent therapist or spiritual guide can help you to safely release this emotional baggage.

If a lot of your emotional load comes from the past, it's

going to feel toxic to you and anyone in your life. Getting yelled at by someone when you showed up late, but really it's because their dad was absent in their childhood and they haven't dealt with the anger, isn't fun for anyone. If, however, they aren't seething with unprocessed anger and are just a bit pissed that you're late again, they might play-stab you with a dinner fork and make life more interesting.

The more you work out issues from the past, the more free you are to fully express yourself. One of the huge benefits of emotional purification is that the more you do it, the more people are naturally drawn to you and feel that they instantly like you.

Purified emotions are intense, but they won't feel poisonous. How can you tell? After expressing purified emotions, you will feel better. You might do something crazy and still find you and your partner laughing afterwards.

If you have toxic emotions, you might feel better immediately after you express them, but you'll feel even worse ultimately. Having toxic emotional baggage isn't a reason to feel guilty or to be hard on yourself– it's a calling that there is some work to be done inside.

Embrace it as a call to get into therapy, or try some deeper workshops to release the past. You'll find out how much it can transform your life.

Find a Partner who can Handle Your Emotions

If you're wondering if a man can handle your full emotional expression, I've got this to say: Women are emotional. Fact of life. Some of us (me!) are highly emotional, while some women are more naturally light in their emotionality. If you're highly emotional, get yourself a partner that loves it. It's too painful otherwise.

My boyfriend gets a kick out of the fact that sometimes he gets home from work and I'm balled up on the fetal position on the couch, sobbing uncontrollably and other times I've leapt out into the hallway dancing and celebrating his arrival before he even gets to the door. I really shouldn't be with anyone who doesn't find that interesting.

Find a romantic partner who loves what you naturally are.

How does all this relate to being a Wild Woman in bed? A woman who represses herself isn't much fun in bed. If you're always trying to please your partner, or sticking to a single script like "the good girl" or "the rebellious pornstar" it isn't going to matter how good it is at first—it's going to get boring.

Men might play dumb sometimes— some of them are happy to play the sexual game with repressed women. But the men worth being with aren't fooled for a second.

They crave a real woman, an unleashed woman, a Wild Woman.

You want to attract a man and have him stick around? Stop feeding him rehearsed parts of yourself, and expecting that some watered down version of yourself, constantly seeking approval, is going to attract and keep him interested.

Give him your all.

Most importantly, give yourself your all.

Be a spectacular expression of the force of nature that you are in bed. You deserve it.

My Love Story #3

I was pretty insecure about my beauty for most of my life. I struggled with men, terrified that they wouldn't find me attractive, terrified that they would leave me, terrified that they wanted someone better.

During a backpacking trip to Thailand, I stopped over at a yoga school. I was part of the spiritual community for a time, and part of my practice was getting in touch with the wrathful, potent and terrifying aspects of myself.

Hanging around the scene at the time was Ashton. Straight up the hottest guy I had ever seen. To this day. Chiseled body. Oceanic blue eyes. Gorgeous tattoos. Hint of danger.

Just seeing him made me want to run from his hotness. I felt unworthy to be around such male glory.

The cooler girls at the school referred to him as “The Tattooed Adonis.”

Then the strangest thing happened, he showed up at a party one night and watched me dance. Just me.

I sensed his magnetism, attracted, and I moved sexier.

He stood still.

Finally, in an act of unbridled courage, I approached him.

He asked, “When can we hang out?”

I decided to play it cool, “Friday night,” I offered.
(Three nights away.)

“That’s almost too long to wait,” he said, and gave me his number.

I turned into an absolute wreck over the next three days, obsessing over the size of my pores, the lack of fashion in my backpack.

I scared my neighbor, when, right before Ashton picked me up on his motorcycle, I banged on his door screaming, “I need you to come look at me, and I tell me I look beautiful, and I need you to mean it.”

Marco, my next door yogi neighbor, who liked to put urine in his hair for health benefits, slowly opened the door, looked me up and down, and said, “Jesus. You look beautiful. Calm down.”

Ashton picked me. We went to dinner.

I fussed about, wanting to impress him, wanting him to love me. The date was flatlining.

Then I realized it. He'd fallen for my dancing. I go all out when I dance. I let it all go on the floor until there is nothing left to be given.

I wanted to make the most of my time with this man, and my efforts to be the woman I thought he wanted to be with was boring both of us.

I started spicing it up. I took a risk and told him about my experiences as a stripper in Australia.

He lit up, "I like my diamonds with a little dirt on them," he confided.

We rode home on a natural and tangible high.

As he undressed me, I vowed to myself to make love to this man, not only with my wild abandon of dancing, but with the fury of a woman with one night to feel everything under the night stars. After all, a night with a man like Ashton was rare— why spend it worrying about anything?

We took to each other like starving vagrants set upon the richest of stolen feasts.

There were moments of terror where I teetered on the edge of terrifying spiritual abyss. The sweat poured, screaming, spanking, purring, clawing, gasping.

It was excruciatingly slow when we stared into each other's eyes and poured out poetic declarations of eternal love.

I danced on top of his gorgeous body, and found slip streams of unabashed passion roll through me.

I was scary, I was holy, I was slutty and my heart blew wide open.

At the end of our encounter, I, Layla Martin, of the south suburban wastelands of Denver, Colorado, where true gratitude is almost never found and entitlement is the name of the game, threw myself on the bed in full prostration and love for all of existence, sobbing in joy.

I consider that the night I found Gratitude for the very first time.

Ashton's have come and gone (many times.)

That sweet taste of Gratitude never left me.

If I'd played nice that night at dinner, and in bed, I'd

have missed out on one of the greatest experiences of my whole life.

Unleash, lady, it is so worth it.

Exercise: Sexy Drama

Write down two parts of yourself that you feel you don't express in bed. (Example: I don't express my full sensuality and I don't express my aggressive side.)

Make a sex date with yourself, or with your partner if you have one, where you are going to play out that aspect of your sexuality. (If you have a partner, you must communicate with them ahead of time that this is what you are planning to do.)

For instance, if I were to play out my sensuality, I might set up the sexual encounter with some really wonderful sensual experiences like feathers or massage oil. I would go really slow and sensual for the entire sex session. If I was going to play out my fire, I'd go full on, and really create heat in the interaction, perhaps taking the lead and really igniting activities in the bedroom.

Take care of yourself afterwards– sometimes when new parts of ourselves we haven't let see the light of day emerge it can be really challenging.

If you are interested in more exercises to help express all the different sides of yourself check out my online trainings here:

<https://laylamartin.com/tantric-institute/>



Becoming an Orgasmic Superstar

Being an Orgasmic Superstar

The gift of being orgasmic is the Wild Woman's holy grail. Orgasmic pleasure is the liquid of life that spills forth bringing out the technicolor fabric of existence and sublime states of magic and pleasure.

That kind of pleasure springs from great poetry, music, lovemaking, baby-birthing, idea creation, art, dancing, conversation, food, meditation and movement for the Wild Woman who knows how to find it.

Being orgasmic isn't about learning the right tricks. It isn't about how many you can have, or how fast. It isn't even about the bedroom.

Being orgasmic is about knowing how to stick your body right in the pulse of life and allow yourself to feel the flow of pleasure spilling out of each experience. You can do that during sex (highly recommended) but you can also do it

walking down the street.

A Wild Woman knows that being orgasmic isn't something to fear, shut-down or feel ashamed of. It is one of the most precious life-affirming gifts.

Our culture has mislabeled the expression of true female pleasure as grotesque and pornographic, something that is only acceptable at just the right place under the right circumstances (in private! monogamy! maybe on the internet?)...

That's a heavy legacy to carry and it pisses me right off. Anger is a natural response to this unhealthy and unnecessary rejection of essential parts of you.

Yet, it isn't anger that sets us free from this vicious cycle. It is pleasure. Pleasure is the power of the new sexual revolution. Spending the day pursuing, loving and embracing your pleasure does more to overturn the old paradigm because it isn't reactionary to the old ignorance. It is profoundly empowering to rediscover the true wellspring of pleasure that is your birthright as a woman. To express the unbound fullness of your own ecstasy is the way out of the dreary world of sexual repression and shame.

A New Picture of Orgasm

Orgasm isn't just a peak experience that happens after sexual stimulation. It isn't just the pinnacle point of sexual pleasure. Orgasm is a spectrum of pleasure waves flowing through the body.

Being orgasmic means making your body highly available to these waves of pleasure. And they are everywhere!

That pleasure can be cultivated all day long– it isn't just the domain of the bedroom. From the way you sip coffee to how you slip on a shoe. Opportunities for pleasure abound in the world.

The more you practice pleasure, the easier it becomes to feel. If you want more orgasms in bed, practice being orgasmic in life: which simply means to take pleasure in your daily activities, and allow that pleasure to flow unhindered through your body.

A peak orgasmic experience occurs when your brain perceives a pleasure threshold and cascades your body with a flood of orgasmic delight chemicals and hormones. Yay!

That experience is glorious, and a Wild Woman is well and truly at home in her orgasmic pleasure.

I would like to take a moment and broaden our 2-dimensional picture of a brief, clitoral orgasm that lasts a few seconds. We've been shortchanged if this is our only vision of female orgasm.

I don't want to belittle the clitoral orgasm— I think it's fantastic, accessible and I'm super grateful that it exists. Having gratitude for the pleasure you do experience will carry you a lot farther than feeling that your orgasms are “less than” or “not good enough.”

However, sometimes it feels as though this little pistol of brief clitoral bliss is all we've been sold as women, when the truth is, we're a storehouse of badass weapons, from the little orgasmic hand grenades, all the way up to climaxing atomic bombs.

I'm just saying, you don't need to use just the pistol, you've got a whole arsenal of weapons in there. Orgasmic pleasure can cascade from deep within your body, from

your breasts, from the way that you dance, from a whole universe of possibilities.

You might wonder: “As long as I’m having orgasms, isn’t that good enough? Why worry about having more?”

Because there are orgasmic states that will give you a jolt of pleasure, and there are orgasmic states that feed you on the deepest soul levels. The latter are crucial to a Wild Woman’s well-being.

Your Brain on Orgasm

Your brain was designed to experience peak states of ecstasy and trance. These states are characterized by feelings of bliss, connectedness, love, wholeness and gratitude.

All ancient human cultures had some method for inducing these states of altered consciousness– from drum circles, to plant medicine, to yoga and pranayama, to long states of meditation and prayer. Countless methods got used to transport us from our every day habit of viewing a lackluster surrounding, to a deeper truth of magnetic, shimmering waves of color, connectivity and meaning.

Those experiences are like brain food. They keep you feeling alive in a valuable way.

Our industrialized society does not have a cultural method for naturally bringing out that state and we are actually

historically a bit suspicious of it. We label it witchcraft, hippie, tribal, devilish, spooky or weird. We deny a really essential part of our human existence. As a result, our brains go hungry.

They end up deprived of the true nourishment of ecstatic states and either go looking for cheap substitutes or wind up in depression. A hungry brain is going to stuff itself with whatever it can find to spark some interest: white sugar, alcohol, cigarettes, negative thinking, pharmaceuticals, gossip, drama, stories, television, food, drugs.

The saddest part is, all those things give you a little bump in your brain chemicals, but they are a cheap substitute for the true pleasure your brain is craving. Substitutes ultimately deplete you, which leaves you dependent and searching.

The natural highs leave you deeply satisfied. They turn-on your brain and a happy brain is connected to a happy body. A happy body is also full of beautiful hormones, beneficial neurotransmitters, pleasure and energy. That is happiness on a biological level, and it feels like a fullness.

As women, we are vastly depleted here as well. There is a hunger– a hunger for the biological bliss that is our

birthright, the bliss that results from true intimacy, touch, pleasure and meaning in our lives. A hungry body is also forced to go searching. It is hungry in an unfulfilled way so it will also try to fill up on lousy substitutes: food, a bank account, relationships, clothing, entertainment. And while all of those can be wonderful additions to a fantastic life, not one of them will feed the true hunger of your body.

So what is a natural, deeply fulfilling nourishment for your brain and body?

Yeah, it's orgasm.

All kinds of orgasm.

It's the true food that satiates that deep hunger in your brain and body.

What does a truly fed woman look like?

She is radiant, sparkly and magnetic.

She takes pleasure in the eternal world because it delights her. Not because she desperately needs to fill a hole. Life looks and feels a whole hell of a lot better from that place.

There are also wonderful techniques to help you get even more deep nourishment from your orgasms. It's like food: some orgasms are a bit more like empty calories, while others are like a delicious organic meal spoon fed to you

by naked angels who are also stroking you with feathers
while you chew.

It's like that.

The Difference an Orgasm Makes

When I met my current boyfriend, Andrew, I honestly didn't know if I'd be able to have a deeply loving relationship with a beautiful man who treated me like gold. He believed in me, he loved all of me and he was honest and decent.

I'd done so much therapy, sexual healing and personal development– but old habits die hard and sometimes it still felt easier to be with a man who didn't treat me quite so well.

He is a sensational lover, but at times it felt easier to unleash and feel more pleasure with a less committed partner. That stems from deep feelings of unworthiness I have about how much love I deserve. Also, in a safe relationship, more of my blockages surface to be healed. My body almost doesn't know what to do when I'm deeply

cared for by a man and “surrender” isn’t my automatic response.

I wanted to surrender, though, especially because I knew that with this man, I deserved it. My mantra became “I deserve this” and “I am worthy.” That worthiness took a while to set in.

I did EFT, or tapping, to release old patterns and fears.

I set aside time to self-pleasure.

During that time, I focused on feeling sexually worthy, deserving of love, and relaxed. Every time my body wanted to tense, I relaxed into the pleasure.

Sometimes it was a real battle between body and brain, especially during sex with Andrew.

Brain: “Come on body, just relax. You can trust this man. You know you want too.”

Body: “Fuck you.”

But I kept coaxing, kept loving myself open. I cried a lot after orgasms.

Then, one night, about eight months into our relationship, I just relaxed.

All of me.

I let go.

Instead of tightening against his penis, his thrusts, his love, instead of controlling what kind of pleasure, and how much, my body just softened and received.

I actually felt the movement of his penis as an act of love.

Each little burst of pleasure fed me from the inside out.

Each kiss, melted me further.

And I deserved it! All of it.

That worthiness let me drink the love and pleasure in, rather than barricade against it.

When I orgasmed from a deep place of relaxation, long, slow and luscious, it seeded and spread from some profound source within me. It pulsed so deep into my cells, vibrating with life.

Now, I don't like sounding new-agey. But this is how it went...

As that vibration poured into my cells, I knew it was healing my DNA. Each little chromosome seemed to light up with health. Relaxing healed my body down ancestral lines.

That's what happened. I felt newly born. Refreshed. Awakened.

It's the orgasmic rebirth.

That's the power of love.

Your Wild Woman...

Orgasmic Exercises: The Love Orgasm

Set aside 20 minutes minimum to self-pleasure.

Do whatever you can to make a delicious, lovely environment.

Create a sensual turn-on: rub warm oil on your skin, use scents, rub yourself with a fur glove or feather.

As you touch yourself, meditate on love. Love for yourself, love for your body. If you sexually fantasize, make the scene one of love and worthiness. What kind of sex and with who would you be with if you totally loved yourself and knew you were inherently worthy?

This can either produce a wonderful, love filled orgasm, or you may realize how far away you are from mixing love and orgasms. If that's the case, stick with the practice, you'll get there!

In Conclusion

This book has probably stirred up quite a lot within you. Each woman is going to be different: you're going to have your own unique hang-ups, insecurities and ecstasies. I would suggest looking at the top three things that hold you back in your sexuality. Write them down and then decide whether they are stemming from a lack of self-love, a need for sexual healing, emotional repression or a discomfort with expressing your full sexual passion. Use the practices in the relevant chapter to address your particular issue, and take a 7-day challenge to address it every single day. You will notice results.

Finally, this sexual awakening goes far deeper than your sexual bliss. If all you get from it is more sexual bliss, then I am a happy woman. However, this body of wisdom which addresses our sexual ecstasy and embodied love as women points to deeper truths which we have always

known and only pretended to forget. Each exercise, each step in the direction of more love and more pleasure is an awakening to the deep, true happiness and connection that each one of us longs for deep within.

I hope to keep walking with you on this journey as we collectively remember our inherited pleasure as women. We live in a world that aches for the true beauty of it's women. How wonderful that it is your radiance, your sparkle, your pleasure, your sexuality, your power, your truth and your pleasure that is so needed by this world. May you awaken quickly and in love.to create the most sublime, primal and delicious sexual encounters, pretty much whenever I want!

In short, this is how I went from being insecure and hung up, to being a Wild Woman in the bedroom.